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THIS BOOK IS ABOUT SEX. SEX IS NOT LOVE. LOVE IS NOT SEX. BUT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS IS CREATED WHEN THEY COME TOGETHER. YOU CAN LOVE GOD, YOU CAN LOVE THE PLANET, YOU CAN LOVE THE HUMAN RACE AND YOU CAN LOVE ALL THINGS, BUT THE BEST WAY FOR HUMAN BEINGS TO SHOW LOVE IS TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER. IT'S THE WAY WE SPREAD LOVE THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE: ONE TO ONE. LOVE IS SOMETHING WE MAKE. PASS IT ON + THIS BOOK DOES NOT CONDONE UNSAFE SEX. THESE ARE FANTASIES I HAVE DREAMED UP. LIKE MOST HUMAN BEINGS, WHEN I LET MY MIND WANDER, WHEN I LET MYSELF GO, I RARELY THINK OF CONDOMS. MY FANTASIES TAKE PLACE IN A PERFECT WORLD, A PLACE WITHOUT AIDS. UNFORTUNATELY THE WORLD IS NOT PERFECT AND I KNOW THAT CONDOMS ARE NOT ONLY NECESSARY BUT MANDATORY. EVERYTHING YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS A FANTASY, A DREAM, PRETEND. BUT IF I WERE TO MAKE MY DREAMS REAL, I WOULD CERTAINLY USE CONDOMS. SAFE SEX SAVES LIVES. PASS IT ON + AND BY THE WAY, ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN CHARACTERS AND EVENTS DEPICTED IN THIS BOOK IS NOT ONLY PURELY COINCIDENTAL, IT'S RIDICULOUS. NOTHING IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE, I MADE IT ALL UP.



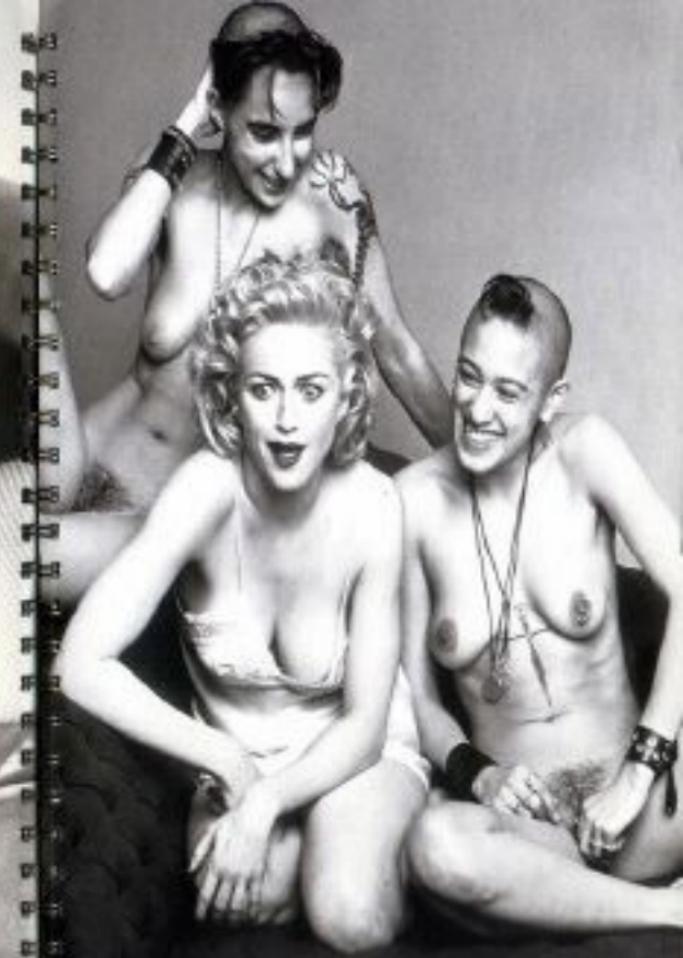


My name is Dita.
I'll be your mistress tonight.
I'll be your loved one, darling.
Turn out the light.
I'll be your sorceress,
your heart's magician.
I'm not a witch.
I'm a love technician.
I'll be your guiding light
in your darkest hour.
I'm gonna change your life.
I'm like a poison flower.
Give it up.
Do as I say.
Give it up and let me have my way.
I'll give you love.
I'll hit you like a truck.
I'll give you love.....

I'll
teach
you
how
to
fuck.









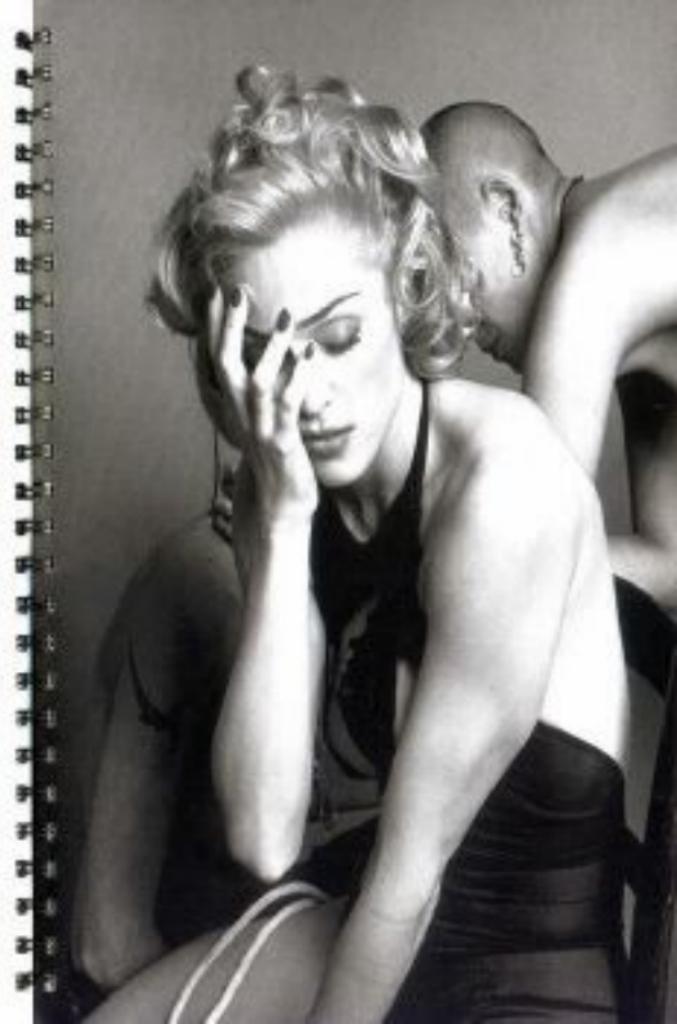


I don't see how a guy looking at a naked girl in a magazine is degrading to women. Everyone has their sexuality. It's how you treat people in everyday life that counts, not what turns you on in your fantasy. If all a person ever did was get off on porno

movies I would say they are probably dysfunctional sexually, but I don't think it's unhealthy to be interested in that or get off on that. I'm not interested in porno

movies because everybody is ugly and faking it and it's just silly. They make me laugh, they don't turn me on. A movie like

In the Realm of the Senses turns me on because it's real. I've been told there are some good Traci Lords movies but I've never seen them. I wouldn't want to watch a snuff movie. I wouldn't want to watch anyone get really hurt, male or female. But generally I don't think pornography degrades women. The women who are doing it want to do it. No one is holding a gun to their head. I don't get that whole thing. I love looking at *Playboy* magazine because women look great naked.



We could use the Cup.
I fed a lot of Ripe. I'm not full of
rage. I'm full of hope. I'll light
the candles, burn them till they're
nice and soft and when they're
Start to drip I'm gonna ^{when they're} get you off.

This is not a crime
and you're not on trial.
Bend over, baby.
I'm gonna make you
Smile.





Doctor: Do you feel that it is possible
to experience pleasure and pain at the same time?



Dita: Sure! that's what DSS fucking
is all about. It's the most pleasure of no sex
fucked and it hurts the most to it. You see things
in your egg, but if you're not excited, a few things can really go wrong.



There is something comforting about
being tied up. Like
when you were a baby and your
mother strapped you in the



She wanted you to be
safe. It was an act
of love

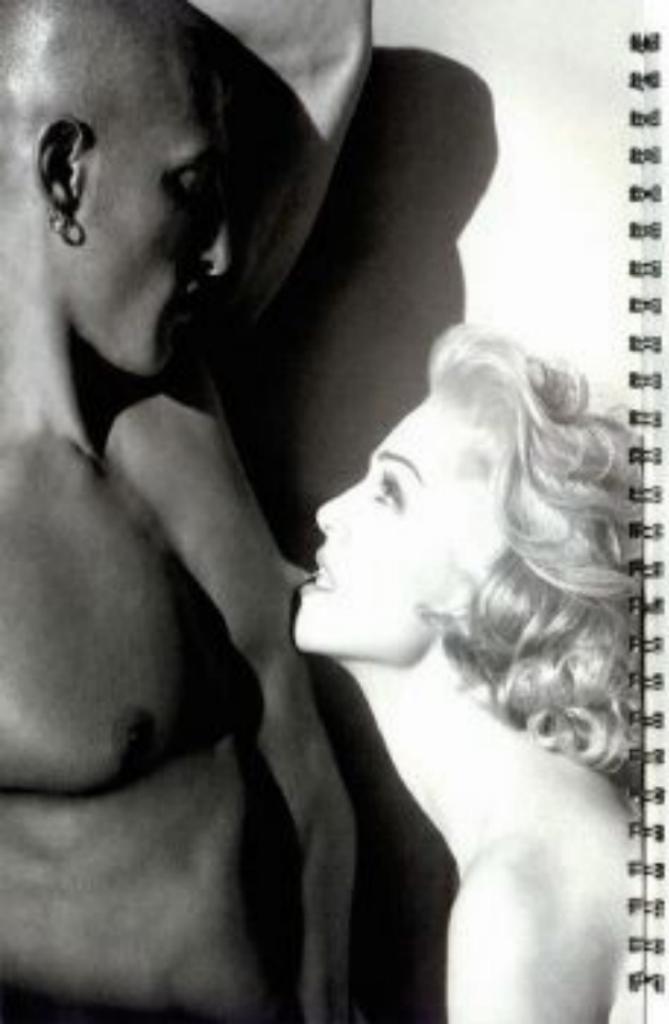


some people want to be provoked. Some women wear the clothes around them and do it. I think like the men part of women try on clothes that's not their size, make us see they stay at it, they have to display off, because some people want clothes that's an uncomfortable position. I'm more into who's a lot of women are wearing, because who don't want to be seen who are changed. They're changing. They're not staying static and they're not. The women who have money and they're different and they stay in shape. The women who have money, they stay in shape. The women who have money, they stay in shape.

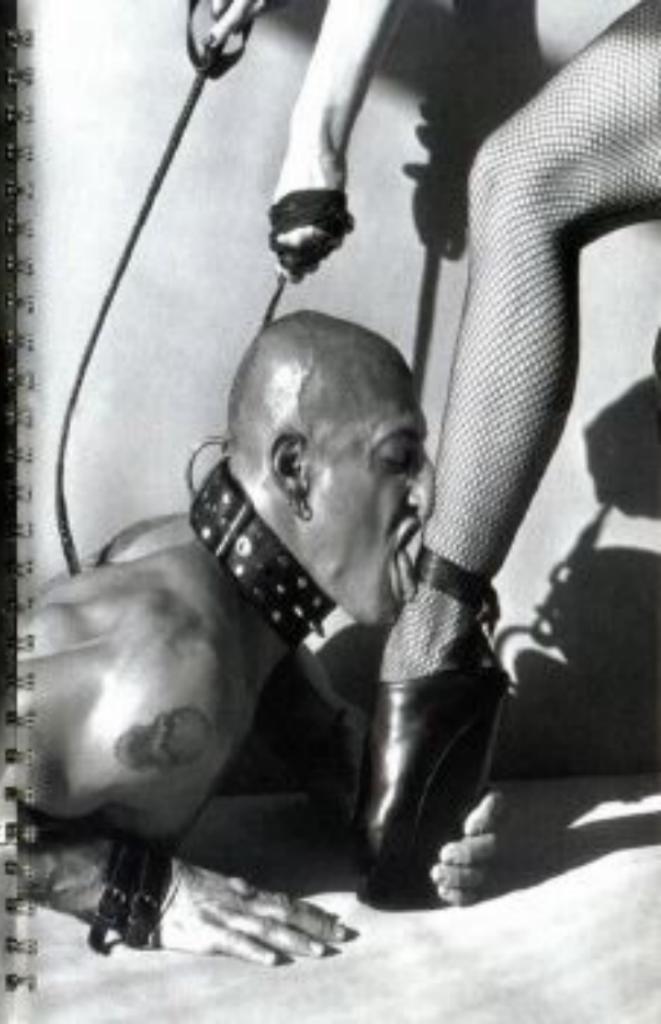
The women who have money, they stay in shape. The women who have money, they stay in shape.



I guess he's a competitor now and she takes his
photographs of a girl that likes you like someone does and
you like someone makes you feel good. It's always a good
moment. You have to remember remember because this
will be your life and you have to remember remember.
I think I'm going to go back to my grandmother's house.
I think I'm going to go back to my grandmother's house.
I think I'm going to go back to my grandmother's house.
I think I'm going to go back to my grandmother's house.



Only the one
who hurts you
can comfort you
Only the one who
inflicts the
pain can take
it away



Sat. Carlton Hotel
London

Hi Johnny

The art brand are having naked on the sun deck, nothing shorter than a beach attire. I'm feeling very relaxed cause I just got done up myself before me at this hotel's shop and just as bath. Feeling very hot and the sun is so sunny now. Now I need to call up my girlfriend to know she wills they are still there.

I hope she come back cause she doesn't seem to tell cause her place is not here now its changing and she's kind of known them too far. Of course I don't mind cause I have a part side of our city which is quite a good place to stay!

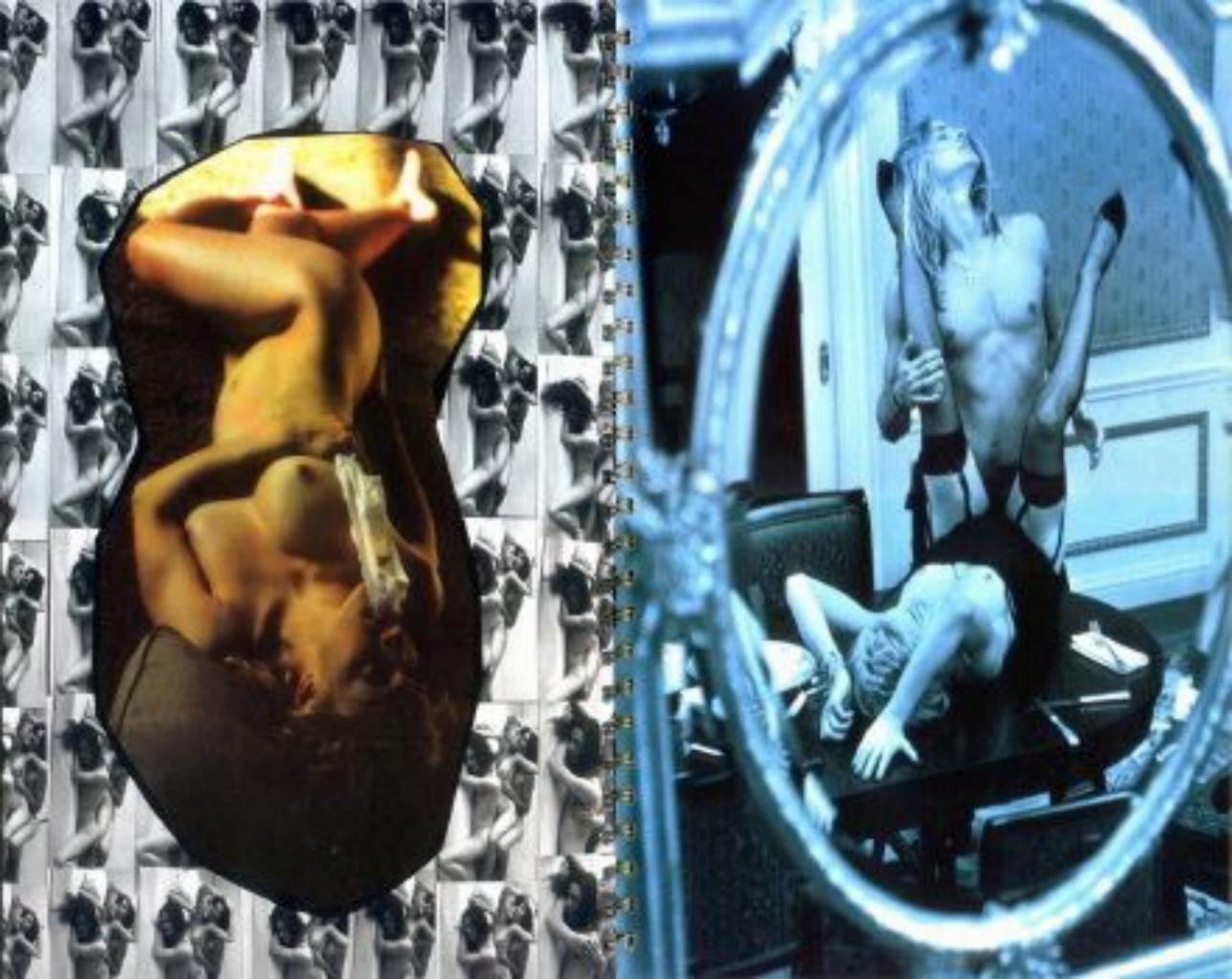
Well I am going with August and thinking about sex. We should have to do now cause Prairie is here and I need a girl to do this now. I think he can't wait to get her away from the other girls. I am sure he can have fun with some other girls. I am so excited to see all the lovely "girls".

So are you hard out?





I don't think you know
What pain is. I don't
think you've gone that way.
I could bring you so much
pleasure
I'll come to you when you say.
I'm not goin' to hurt you.
JUST close
your eyes





Sex with the young can be fun if you're in the mood. If you're feeling impatient or you feel like you want someone else to take charge, do not have sex with someone inexperienced. But it can be really arousing. One of the best experiences I ever had was with a teenage boy. I think he was a virgin. He hardly had any pubic hair. He was Puerto Rican. He was uncircumcised. He lived in my building and he used to come over to my apartment all the time and just watch me put on my makeup and get ready to go out. He hung around me all the time. He never went to school, so I started giving him reading assignments. I'd have him read out loud. Like Henry Miller's *The Tropic of Cancer* or something really arousing. Whenever he got ready to leave he'd kiss me goodbye, but the kisses started getting more and more daring on his part and I just went with it. Then one day his parents kicked him out of his apartment and he wanted to know if he could spend the night at my house. I told him he could but I only had one bed. So we both got in it and I couldn't sleep, so I had sex with him and it was really awesome because he was so young and so in wonderment of it all. He was fearless. He would do anything. He wasn't very big. He was just a baby. See, I'm not a size queen. But it was excellent. He went down on me and I think I had an orgasm in two seconds. I was so turned on; it was probably the most erotic sex I ever had. But he gave me crabs. That's what you get. So you win some and you lose some.

I wouldn't want a penis. It would
be like having a third leg. It seems
like a contraption that would
get in the way. I think.

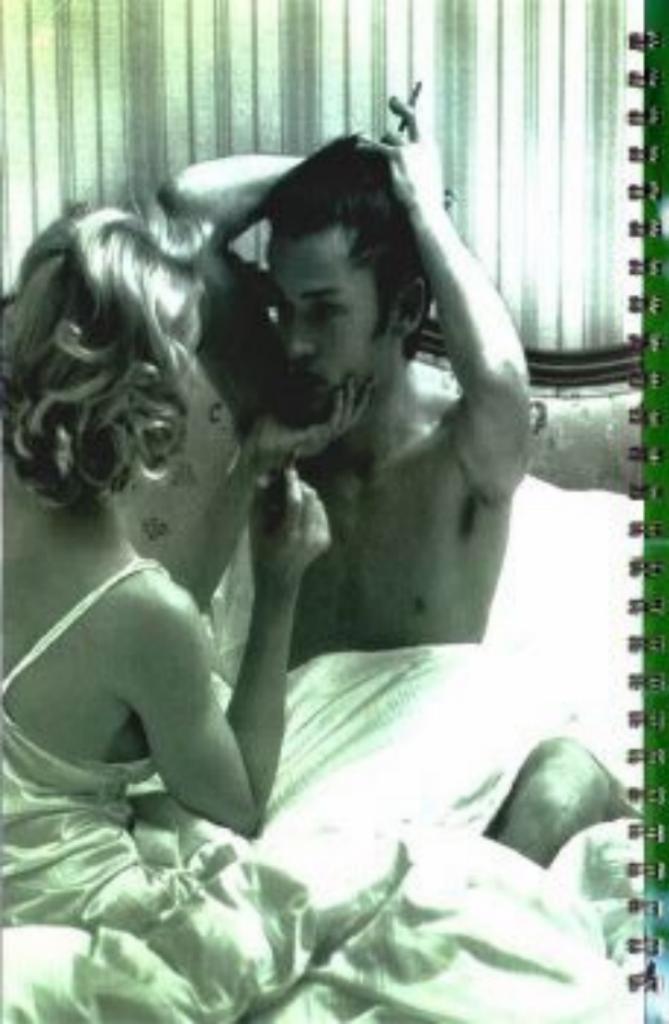


I
don't
need
to have one
between my legs.

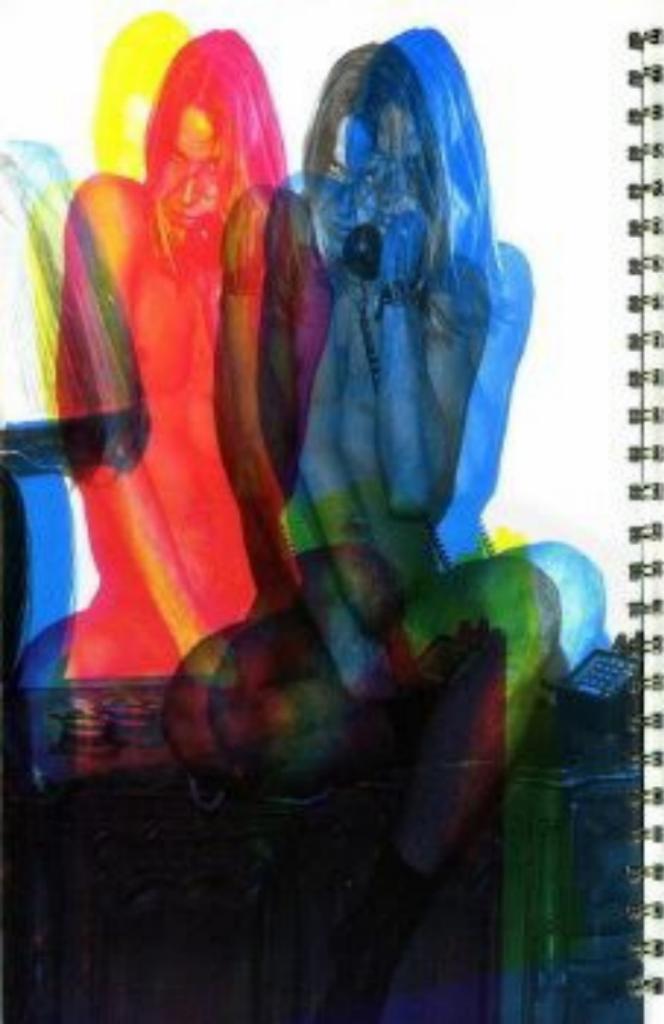


The best way to seduce someone is by making yourself unavailable. You just have to be busy all the time and they'll be craving to see you. Then you don't fuck them for the first five dates. Let them get closer and closer but definitely don't fuck them. Be disinterested. Not too disinterested, they'll think they're barking up the wrong tree. But it's always good to play hard to get. Good perfume is really important too. Everyone is a sucker for garter belts. You wear a dress and stockings and garter belts, you don't let him have you, but at some point you have to make him see that you have a garter belt on. No underpants is also a big turn-on. Sucking on your finger every once in a while doesn't hurt, like in the middle of dinner. Telling jokes is good. And on every date you have to say one really disarming thing.





There's no better way to wake up in the morning than with my lover's cock inside of me. Usually he takes me from behind. This is my favorite position because I can lie there pretending I'm sleeping while he slides himself in and out of me. I let him think he's being a clever, sneaky off without me knowing it. Fat chance! But I like him thinking he's getting away with something anyway. After he's worked himself in a bit, I put my finger in my mouth for a little lubrication, then I suck it down between my legs and rub my clit until I'm so excited that I have to jettison that I have just woken up. My pussy is getting too juicy and my body is starting to move with his, so I sit up, stretch and twist and give a little hint of anxiety and anticipation, just so he doesn't take me for granted. I tell him no sex and let me sleep. Because he can change my mind he continues to grind, but I don't want to come yet, so I pull away from him and he lies there panting like a sullen child, frustrated and hard. I turn around and kiss him sweetly and say, "M'ite later," and pretend to drift off into sleep. When I'm sure he thinks I'm a rotten grimehead I climb on top of him and slide his dick, which is always hard (thank God), inside of me. I don't mind continuing this scenario in the driver's seat. This is the best way for a girl to get fucked without any digital manipulation, 'cause you can move your pussy any way you want. You can take his cock deep or shallow and you can be sure your clit is getting worked and taken care of during solo or even sexto on top of him. It's so easy for me to come this way and it only's a matter of seconds before I do. I watch my come射精 out of me, and I wet my fingers in it and reapply this as needed. I could smell them. He tells me he wants to come and I say, "Wait for me baby." So he slaps my breasts, which I love almost as much as when he slaps my ass. Not too hard but hard enough to sting. Take a bit in heat I drag my clit on that sensitive piece of flesh just above his dick. I am painting him with my pussy masterpiece art of fucking. He grasps on to my ass like he's wanting to fuck harder, digging his fingers into my flesh, maybe to press on his cock harder and faster. He says, "I'm gonna cum now, I can't hold any longer!" I love that helpless sound in his voice. I tell him not to c'mon. It's fine when it comes. I want to look at them. I want to see the muscles of satisfaction when he loses control. When he comes onto me, I finally feel ready. I let his train go through me, taking up the essence of my pussy, fucking my ass and my card. We continue, working up the neighborhood. I fall on top of his driveway, his drift rock into view, and I dream that my lover's cock is made of ice, and he's making me freeze before sliding himself in and out of me (continued on page 154)



Pillow Talk? Some people do it really well. Some people do it so badly that you break up laughing and you just can't go through with it. I had a boyfriend who laughed every time he came. Some people know how to talk and some people don't. With some people it's an affectation and they think that's what you want, that you need that. Other people know how to do it and it just clicks. It's like phone sex. Some people know how to do it and some don't. Phone sex can be excellent. It's an absolute necessity if you're separated from somebody you love. Thank God for Ma Bell. Screeching and loud noise making really annoys me. I hate it when guys come and don't make any noise and you can't tell if they came or not. But one time I was fucking this guy and every time he came he was so loud I finally had to smack him. I was sure the whole neighborhood could hear us.



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Newyork

Dear Johnny,

Things have not been the same since you left. I hardly ever think about my mom. I get the same way with friends. First I can't eat enough and then if you go much its because the food is truffle. I got a poodle.

It's not that I just sick thinking about you, it's just that it really aint. I guess were more used to happen to you. Did you have fun with your mom and me? I suppose we can get to be increasingly dominating but we were both scared home and we had each alone to torment each other till you arrived. After seven days we were dying for your cock. Thank god we found those towels in my dresser case house we were gonna break down and use Zip Lock Bags.

By the way I don't want hearing you with married women. I love you both and I'd rather have you eating the same pussy I do & have them strong out. See you on the weekend!

Love XOXO
DITA



When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet backward and wait for the burning sensation between my legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found it's way to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my mother overdressing me. But as a child I did not have the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh and with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept.



Dolan - Tell me about your dreams.

Dolan - I'm probably when I'm trying to have a break down. The last moments of the day. I can't sleep. There's no connection with people. I just close in a world. I know steps in, but I can't do this people thing. I think generally it's with people I would be just horrified to have sex with. Like my wife.

Dolan - How do you feel about being a dad again?

Dolan - Since my son is two I feel like I still feel like a child because of the dream.

Dolan - Another because she can't do it. Major decision to have a sex dream about my dreamer and to get involved with lots of other people and maybe that was it. Coming to conclusion that I'm having sex with my dreamer, don't know.

Dolan - You don't understand. So the how did you dream about?

Dolan - I dreamt all night being arrested by the cops. And at 6 a.m. I say, "Why do you have to wake me up? Never! Should I go on?" Dolan does go on, please.

Dolan - You wake me up you have to look at you.

Dolan - I will be gone in a few moments like this. They just do Paul and I just give his body to another place. He's carrying on or he's part of a sadness that happened. The police came and they are saying, "We are here to come, but we are going to have to handcuff you." And so my message, "They've got to let me go. I didn't do anything. What am I going to tell the man? I mean life is over." And I said, "Well, you have to go. I don't care, I'll get you out. It's a minute." So they took me in to the police station. They were问我 and took me into the office and he stopped me, I'm totally looking out. At everything. "I didn't do anything? This is totally other job."

Dolan - You know if this actually happened, I'm doing these really weird things to myself to release and they come to me. And I'm going to hit you hard but with some of the things I'm doing now. So they're hitting me and it's very big things again with the whole body and have all different and weird sounds and just feel that you don't know what's going on. And that has my boyfriend's name in there. And I see that boy

has one thousand and two thousand. The first thousand miles, he's probably not even aware he's had sex with me.

Dolan - Very nice. That's great. So I open him up and I say, "You enjoyed sex with me?" He says, "Yes." I say, "That's my only person included. I know you must be sick." "You know my mother is sleeping right?" He says, "You don't say much." He says, "My only brother. I say, "Dolene. Say yes." So I started saying like I'm doing the same thing. I'm talking to him.

Dolan - Please come. Dolan - So here Dolene has been asked, and she has asked him to come and the 7th December has got into their bed and I'm hearing the story. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm free-falling, man." I'm free-falling, man. "What are you doing?" He said. "Yeah, you don't know me. I was free-falling before you met that one and I'm doing it again." He's like a human bird now.

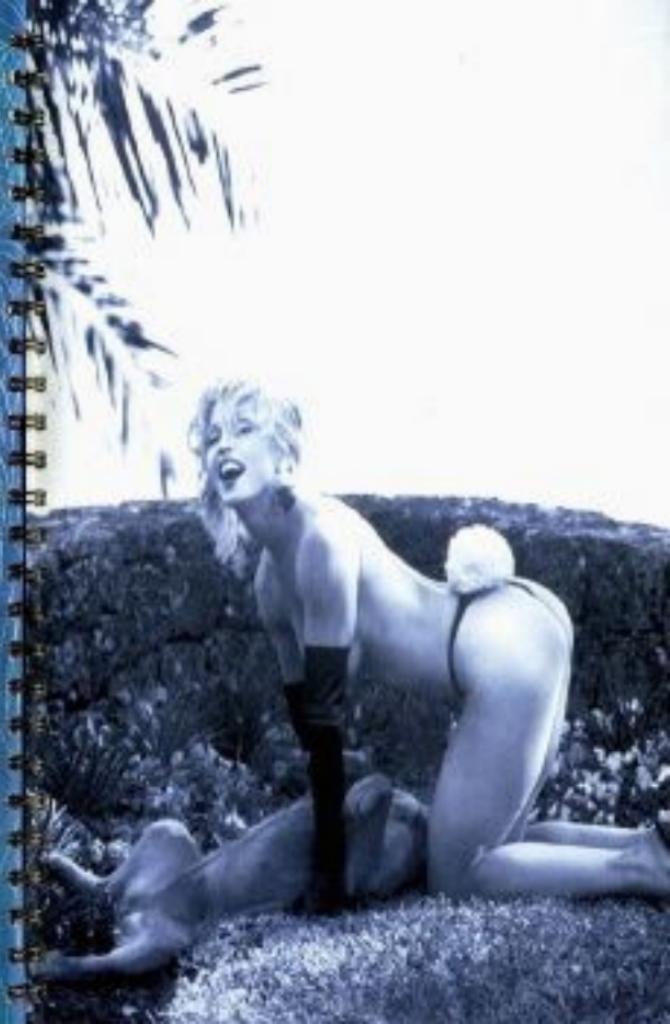
Dolan - I'm free-falling, man. I'm the most afraid and I'm not too good. I called his name again and I said, "You're going to get me off here." He's off, I'm getting a public shower. I'm normally so the Western culture seems to be based on the need for personal hygiene. And that's not always the case. There's no shower or toilet. I've done a lot of things. Get the rest of her.

Hippie - We're going well. Will do what we can. There's no public showers.

Dolan - I'm sorry. And then I bring us closer and I'm down in this state and I'm thinking, "I'm the only person who's sleeping the night. I'm the only person who's sleeping the night. I'm the only person who's sleeping the night. I'm the only person who's sleeping the night." And I closed up like it was my body. And I'm thinking to myself, "I'm not here. I'm not here. I'm not here. I'm not here. And I'm not here."

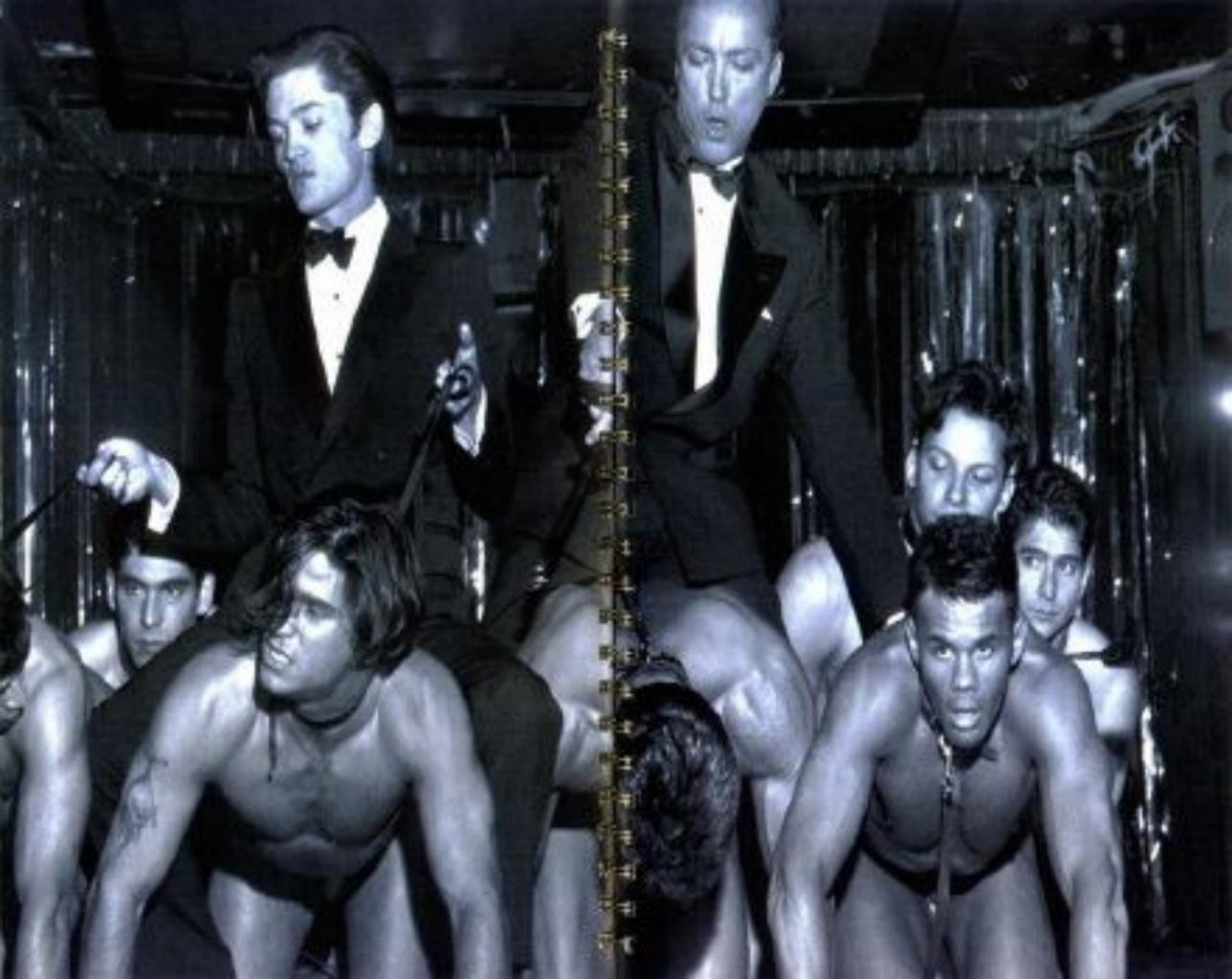
Dolan - How did that feel?

Dolan - One actually went like this.



When I first moved to New York I thought about working in a topless bar. I was really naive and I read the Village Voice and it said "Dancers Wanted" and I was a dancer studying at the Alvin Ailey School and I thought, god, a hundred bucks a night! So I'd go to these big fat disgusting agencies and these bad men would be in these offices and they'd say, "Okay, take your clothes off. Let me see you in your underpants. We'll put some music on and you can dance around." I'd go, "Oh, it's that kind of dancing." But I stuck around anyway. I was kind of scared, I thought "What do to me?" So I'd get underpants and dance for them, take the jobs. They were always Besides I got a job nude modelling. It was easier, I kind of like the atmosphere in topless bars. I mean there are good bars and bad bars, but I always have a great time when I go. I also like gay male strip places. Straight male strip places are disgusting. These guys can never dance. Only the guys at gay clubs can really good bodies, more slim and at the Gaiety have the best bodies and they are really great dancers. I like all the guys in the front row in the baseball caps. They are usually truckers or Japanese men. It's always interesting to scope the crowd.

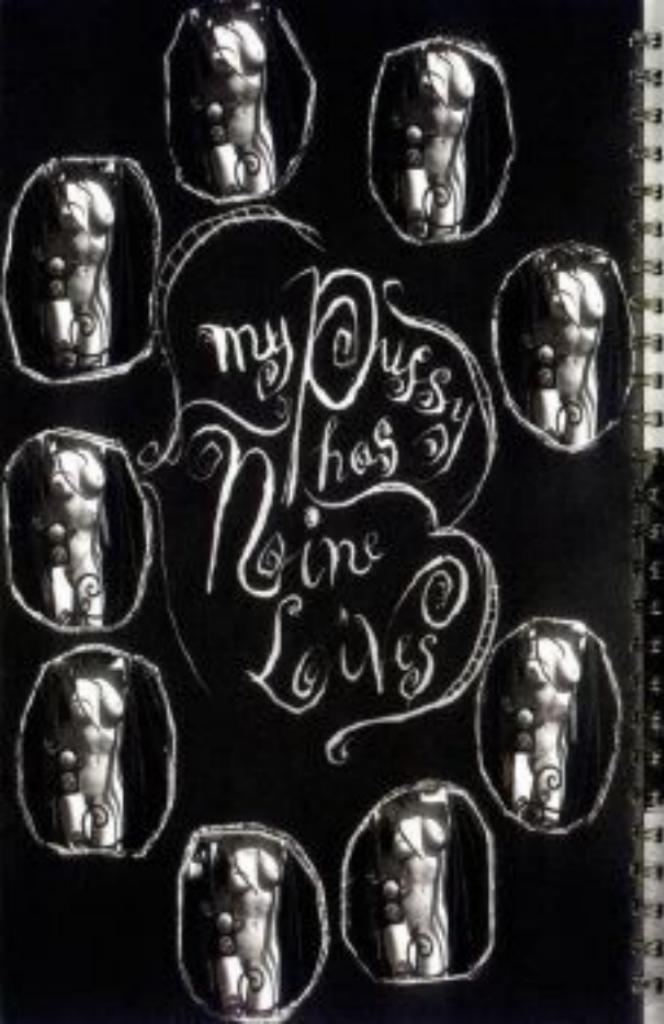












New York

Dear Johnny,

I wanted to plan a surprise vacation and I wanted to plan a surprise vacation and a big huge to-do or something small & intimate what do you think? I have been kind of lame lately and I want to cheer up! Send me back soon and I will see herself my kisses used to make her smile and she always wants to be alone she doesn't even want me to touch her pussy! She must be a virgin and you can't introduce

your do bone companion with her and he belongs to me so if you can't find her just set around surfing and doing the things

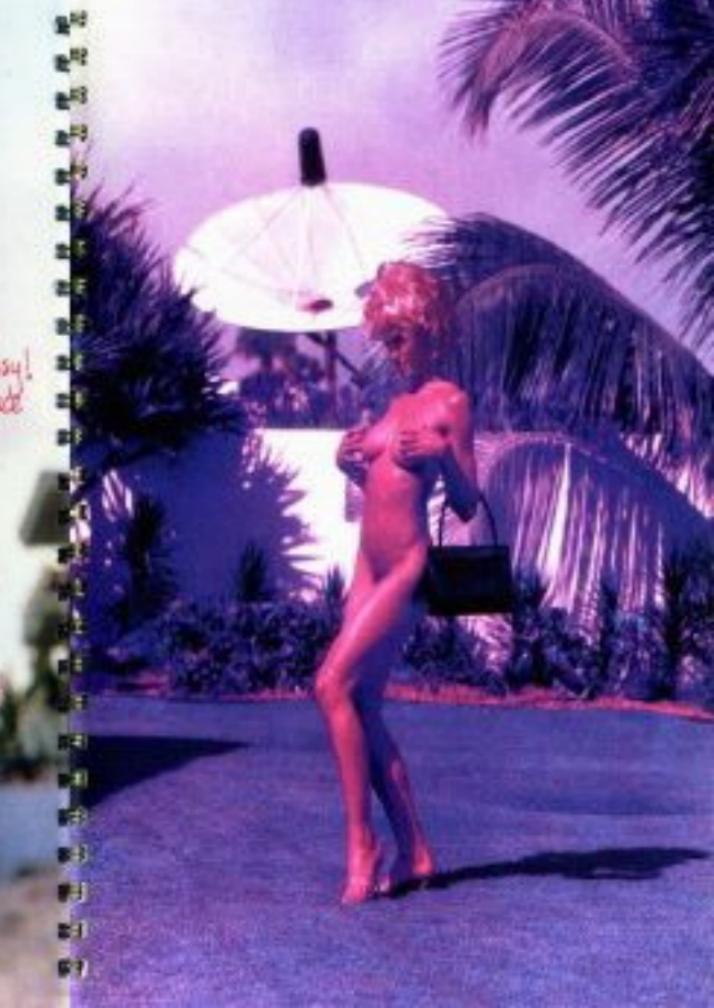
What a Rose! I'm still your best friend over though I hate myself - like all the other fucking stard ~~hate~~ it.

Learn how to do it, don't do it, do it, do it and whatever you do, don't do it. See, it's not that hard silly, goobers like us to figure things out what kind of car should we have? The "beachy" but lookin' one? Those red & blues look? Space Cadet? or Green Gables?

Now, because you better be

the best

Johnny





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I like my pussy.
Sometimes I stare
at it in the mirror when
I'm undressing and wonder
what it would look like without
any hair like when I was a baby.
Sometimes I sit at the edge of the bed
and spread my legs. And stare into
the mirror and wonder what others see.
Sometimes I stick my finger in my
pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness
and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel
when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and
I always taste it and smell it. It's hard to describe
it smells like a baby to me fresh and full of life.
I love my pussy, it is the complete summation of my
life. It's the place where all the most painful things have happened.
But it has given me indescribable pleasure. My pussy is the temple of learning.





New York

dear Johnny,

one nice day back when we were
about that age we made out and you became it?
I guess I'm a little bit older now but I
still feel it and I think I still do and she seemed
to like some. Furthermore, I just found out right
now that we happen to have the same birthday
and date of birth so I think we're meant to be
together. I just thought it would be good
because I know about everything and I think
she does too. Well, I will write again and see you
in 2004.

Well, I'm not sure if I'm going to go to school
next year or not. I don't know what I want to do.
I think I'll have to go to college so I guess that
is a good idea. I hope you're doing well.

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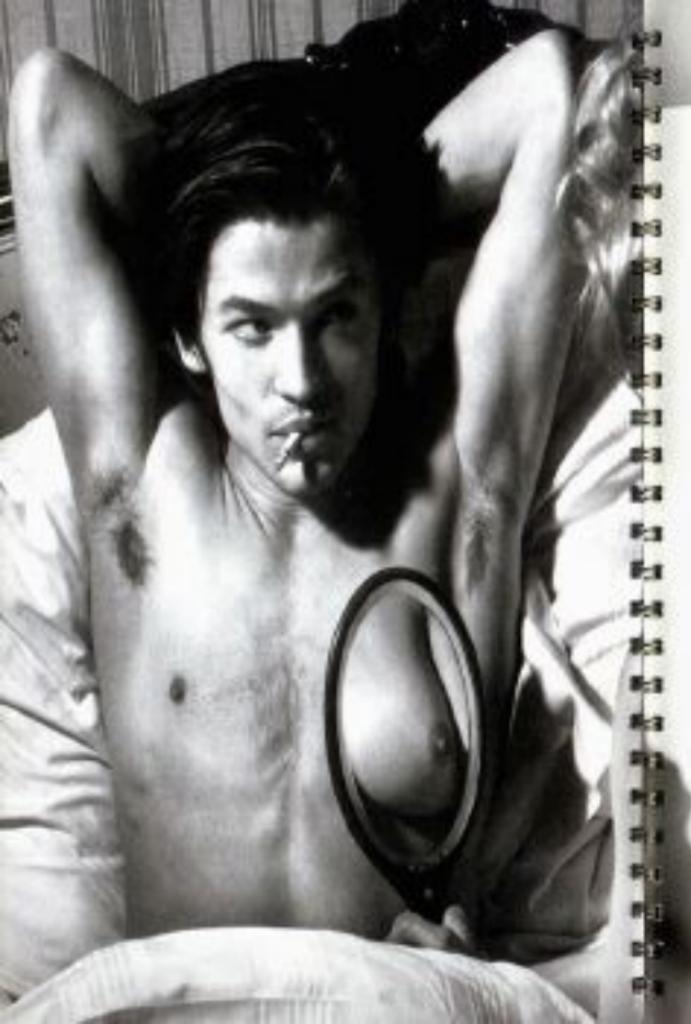
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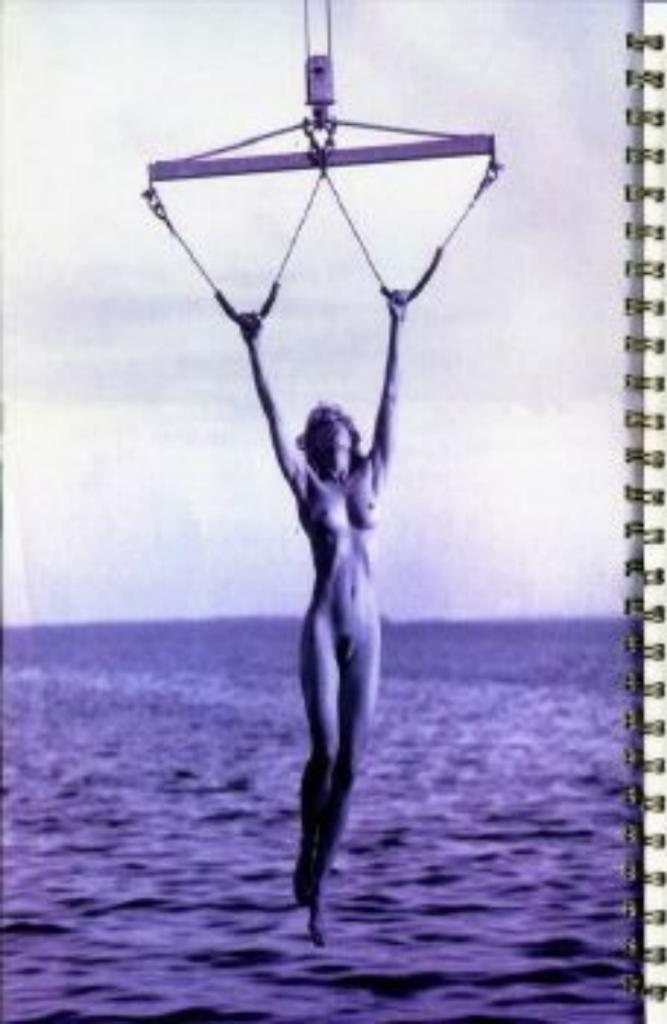
I think I'll have to go to college so I guess that
is a good idea. I hope you're doing well.

OO PITA

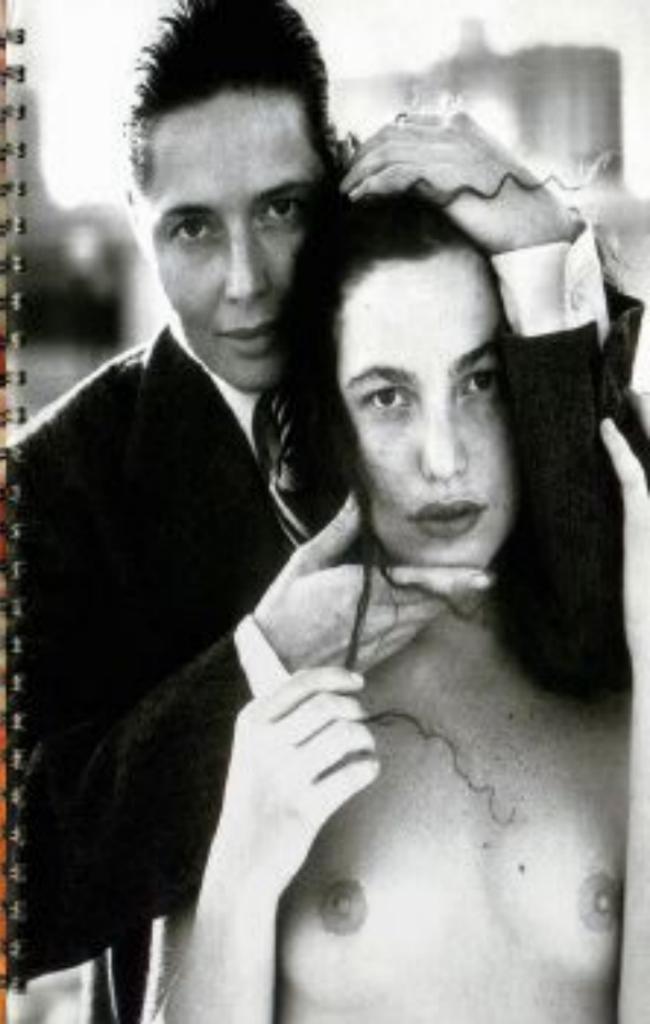
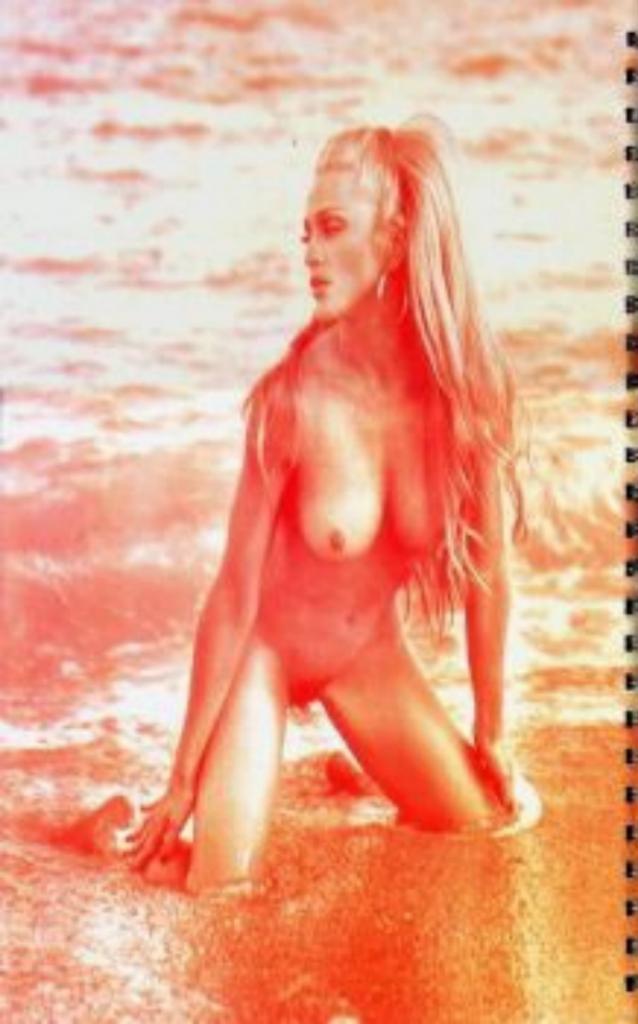


I had sex with someone who wasn't grossly obese but he was pretty overweight. It was the first and the last time. I really liked this guy a lot. He was handsome but he was overweight. I wanted to be unbiased because I really liked him, but the only way I could fuck him was on top because he crushed me. I had to sit on him because his stomach was in the way. That must be what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman. They always say that women aren't into appearance as much as men are, but it's not true. I think women are just as moved by appearance, but they are willing to accept a situation where the man is less attractive because of the who earns the bread situation. There are so many women with the ugliest guys. I swear to God, if they didn't have money, forget it. Two hundred fifty pounds, five seven, bald, disgusting misogynist pigs. Deep down inside these women know, but they ain't gonna tell nobody. If I see someone who's not necessarily conventionally beautiful, I can still be attracted based on their intellect or whatever. But fat is a big problem for me. It sets off something in my head that says "overindulgent pig."





I will raise
you from
the ground
and without
a sound you'll
appear and
surrender
yourself to
me, to love.







I know I'm not **CRUSHING** on a **beach**, maybe it's just the sun that's getting to me. I bring her **clothes** down. The sandy sand is between us and my soft, feminine arms and her... **MY SKIN IS**... Even though there are no actual **swimsuits**, we both don't want to be seen so I take off a t-shirt and cover. In the **heat** of the moment, I turn our **heads** towards each other.

So when we **WALK** away, up to my room and we're walking back, rushing and sweating at the morning heat, my **body**... My **skin**... Her skin... is **shiny**.

I am open

on and suddenly I feel a **throb** and pleasure and a shadow hangs over me and she stands there—**blushing** and skin glistening without. Long hair and a **smile** for her to move to see her in skin. She **kneels** down beside me but I pretend I'm **desperately** **desperate**. She **watches** me on my **BREAST** and **bottom**. Soaked with my sweat, she **smiles** again. I **hope** she **thought** he **my** **pink** **earrings** **glimmered** in the **sun**. She **decides** to **reach** **out** **string** **around** **my** **waist** like a **ring** **of** **God**.

I quickly grab her hand. It feels so **warm** that when I smile she **smiles** back. She doesn't move away. **She moves closer** and I **feel** her **heat** **burn** **over** **my** **skin**. The **fire** **is** **buring** and the **sky** **is** **golden** and her smile **smoldering**. She doesn't take her eyes away from mine.

She **sits** **down** on **the** **soft** **grass** and I **think** I'm **thanky** so she **playfully** **grabs** **a** **handful** **of** **breasts** and **spitiles** **it** **on** **my** **face**, **pulls** **her** **down** **on** **the** **soil** **with** **me** and a **dark** **heat** **comes** **out** **of** **her** **body** and **she** **lets** **her** **hair** **down** **on** **my** **head**—**like a naughty schoolgirl** with her soft pink **lipstick** **warm**-**smoochings** **expanding** **in** **my** **belly**. I **take** **into** **her** **arms** and she **lets** **her** **head**...

I'm **still** **hot** now and the sun is **busting** down on my back and we're **reaching** **out** **for** **her**. She **doesn't** **move** as I **shift** **my** **weight** and I'm **stabbing** **her** **delicate** **shoulders** and **small** **heads** **of** **skin** **middle** **of** **my** **neck**. Our hands on **our** **neck** we **are** **slightly** **pulling** **off**. **Again** I **turn** **her** **to** **positioning** **ourselves** **in** **each** **other**'s **arms** and **we** **start** **roaring** **laughing**, taking turns to explore one another's **softnesses**. Her pink **earrings** **sparkle** pieces of **rain** that I **see** **falling** **from** **the** **sky** **but** **haven't** **hit** **the** **head** **and** **haven't** **hit** **the** **ground** **yet**.

My **skin** **smells** **of** **strawberry** of **staying**. I **raise** **up** **over** **her**, **firmly** **and** **decisively** **against** **her** **back**. She **grabs** **my** **wrists**, **ripping** **them** **tightly** and **then** **she** **pulls** **up** **on** **my** **hands** **like** **a** **tie**. Spiking on them being **now** **holding** **me**.

So **softly** the **distance** **between** **my** **legions** **contraction** **and** **the** **warm** **heat** **beginning** **in** **my** **body** **is** **soaked** **from** **what** **we** **were** **in** **the** **water** **and** **feeling** **what** **I** **had** **had** **to** **do** **her** **and** **pink** **sparkle** **her**. Taller than me, she does. I **smiles** and **lowering** **my** **underwear**, **secretly** **her** **fingers** **leads** **my** **pants** **and** **she** **is** **tears** **flowing** **and** **playing** **with** **my** **small** **breasts**.

She **lets** **her** **hand** **on** **my** **waist** **as** **a** **small** **lips** **open** **wide** **like** **a** **pink** **flower**.

"Good, 'cause I'm dying of thirst and I want to drink your pussy juice." She starts to rub faster and faster plugging her fingers in and out of me, sometimes tickling my asshole. I devour her mouth, and I play with the nipples of her small, boyish breasts.

"I'm just about to come" and she tells me she wants to taste me, so I crawl up to her mouth and lower my pussy on to her lips and her tongue touches my clit and she begins to suck and I am destroyed.

Her hands hold my ass as I rock back and forth on her face. Strange sounds come out of my throat like a baby crying as I pour the pent up of myself into her. I fall back on the sand exhausted from the heat and the alcohol and the excitement. She tells me **HOW SWEET MY PUSSY TASTES** and I tell her to take off her T-shirt and lie on her stomach.

I pull myself up and stand over her, staring at her **tanned ass** and long legs. I part her legs with my feet and insert at the pink wetness of her pussy. Falling to my knees I set my finger and start tickling her asshole, making little circles and occasionally biting her ass. She asks me what I'm doing and I say "What you want me to do?"

The **more** **drinking** **to** **sex** **and** **climaxing** **orgasms** **have** **become** **voyeur**. My finger finds her **clit**... and I **probe** and she **begins** **to** **moan** and **purr** like a **cat** **does**. "Put your finger inside me," she says, but I **turn** **her** **and** **say** "No, first I have to make an offering to the sun." I continue to spread her legs out so her asshole and pussy are open wide, trying to be fucked by nature. Her buttocks, arse and the muscles in her ass are **stirring** and she **lets** **me** **to** **make** **her** **come**, so I **tell** **her** **to** **turn** **over** and **keep** **her** **legs** **spread**. She does and I **set** **down**, staring at her **beautiful** **face**, trembling at the **new** **light**. I **lean** **toward** **her** **soft** **pink** **breast** **is** **almost** **hurting** **her** **and** **I** **smell** **deeply**... the **sun**, the **heatwave**, her **aromatic** **odor** **reminds** **me** **of** **smirk** **and** **earring**.

First I kiss her outer thigh and her **inner** **outer** **hips** **using** **the** **salt** **of** **the** **sea**. Then I kiss her **clit** but very gently because it's still **so** **bloodied** **and** **crusty** **as** **any** **rock** **I've** **ever** **seen**.

"Suck my pussy, baby," she says to me like a **queen**, and I do. I play my songe into her soft wetness. Her penis starts gyrating and she starts to **grind** and my songe goes back to her clit licking faster and faster. I take my fingers, fist **one** then **two** **before** **she** **grind**. I finger fuck her right hole and while sticking on for the faster and harder roll, I **tilt** **the** **back**, my head and body a **tiny** **bit** **pain**.

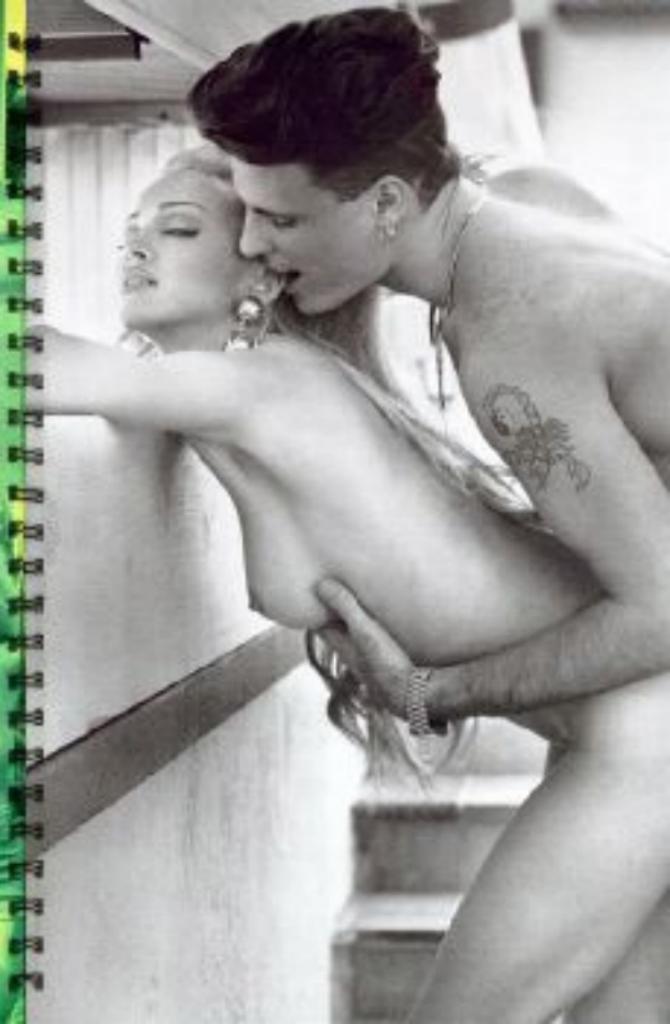
When she comes she comes out like the seagulls circling above us. Her body shudders again and again until she **shakes** at every drop of her sweet **semen**. Then I crawl up next to her and kiss her gently, letting her taste her own **pussy**. She smiles and I **smile** she has a **spark** in her **eyes** like **color**. I fall onto my back and look into the distance, the sun now low horizon pink and violet.

She is **the** **center** **of** **PLEAS**. I am content. I feel her hand on my face. "What's your name?" I ask.



I don't think you have to have a language in common with someone to have sexual rapport. But it helps if the language you don't understand is Italian. I practically come listening to people speak Italian and I don't understand it that well. When they say, "Are you hungry? Let's go get some spaghetti," it sounds like they are coming on to you. It's really arousing. Sex can overcome the language barrier because it's all body language anyway. But if you're talking about having a long, meaningful relationship, forget it. I was really into this Italian guy and I had this fantasy about him. He lived in Rome with his mother. I sat there with a dictionary piecing together sentences and I finally realized that he was madly in love with me in three days and he wanted me to stay in Italy and marry him and have a baby right away. That wasn't too appealing, but the sex was good. Sometimes when you can't speak it kind of frees you up. They're whispering all this shit in your ear and they could be talking about the theory of relativity for all you know. They could be calling you a cunt bitch whore from hell. They could be saying, "As soon as you come I'm going to kill you," and you're yelling, "Yes! Yes!"





East Hampton

Dear Jackson,

What were we, for such a short time and then you're gone
and I hope you don't think me (A) for too long!

I wear the small red leather jacket that you gave when we met,
but you like Ben to keep you warm because it's cold outside,
so I'm not wearing anything and I just sit outside
talking sometimes and I just feel like how many friends just
the next day but now I'm alone.

Next year you and your friends ride around your Harley's
from my state. I watched you ride up from the window
and I needed to know decisions, should you leave
and let you eat my pizza while all your friends watched
the big television, better and better things comes to your eyes?
What the car should be like though, do you
think it's bad that I'm interested in your friends?

My mother, she's going to be married again with someone else
it's not me with whom you care, I'm sure you have your favorite

husband. The girls write you available for. So the new embroidery
comes. I had to go to New York City. People thought I was in style
and need. Many, the various fashions and sometimes to do with it.
I tried to be a good person and make some decisions. Because after all
but other people say you should continue with more than one husband.
The first one I heard about the best stuff. The last one was short
was created with diamonds at 1 foot. I had quickly decided to wear a pink
long necklace of pink diamonds. I think that they say up was and
the rule is to go to bed to wear them. The DTV and a few other
years aged together and I'm blocked because we have to get
last night. See ya and have a wonderful life.

The second fashion, were they? I decided to wear the best birthday
dress. And I wore it. I wore it. And when our last day, start in T. Went
there and then to the airport. It's a wonderful place.

Can you understand? And I said good-bye to the last of the things
to someone because we don't want the person though she's the one
with whom we're starting this time.

Now it's time to get ready about saying that has of course
changes life and no one could have. You asked me if you're good. We used
the other self.

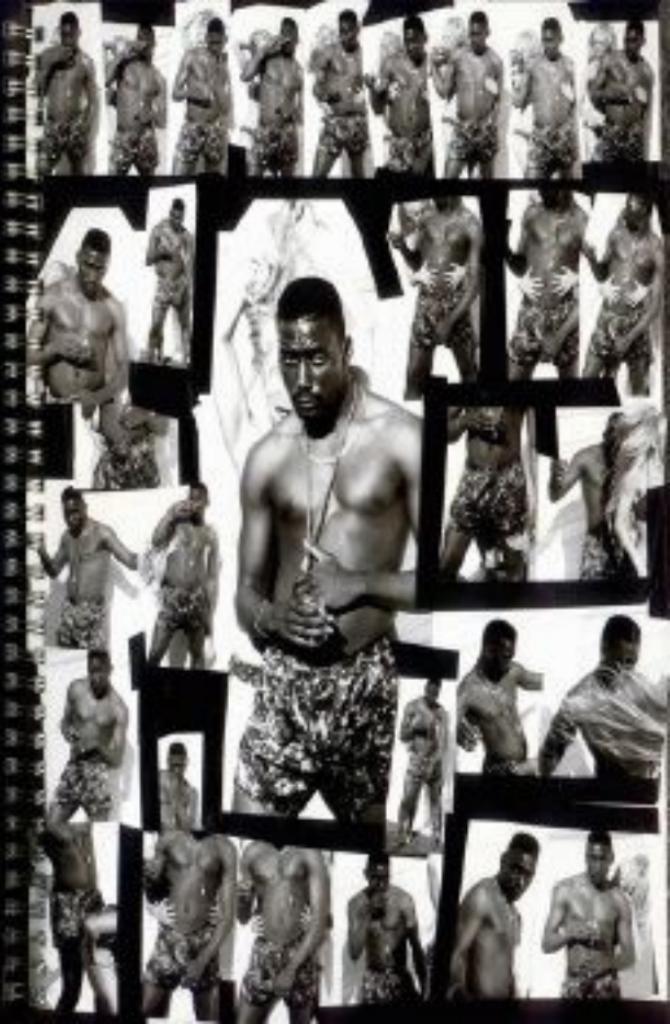
Like a complete other character, the thoughts, emotions, feelings
and just only of all over the place. All those thoughts

that you wanted me to feel.

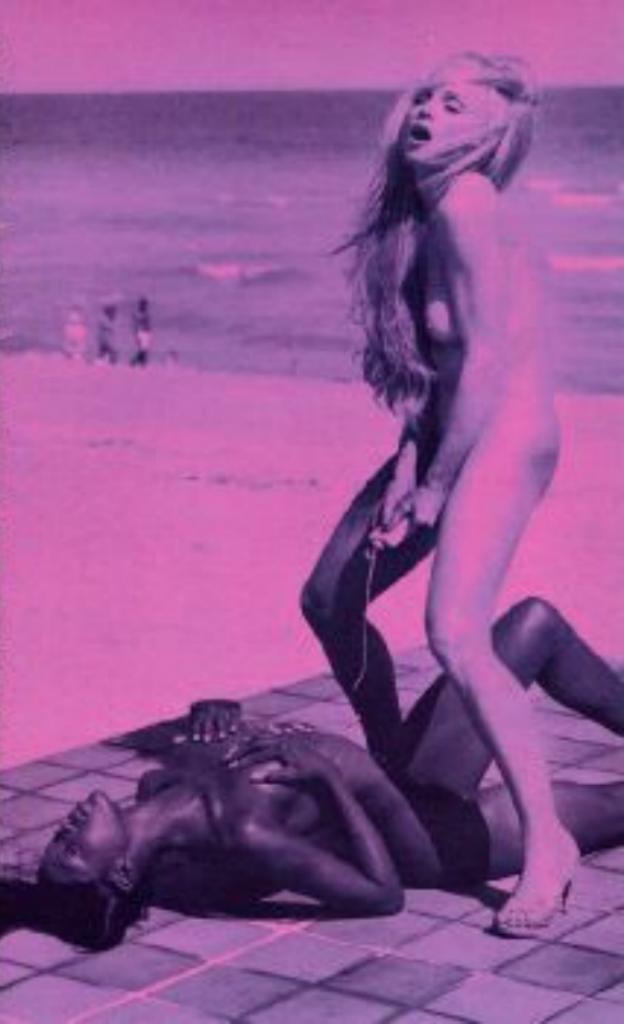
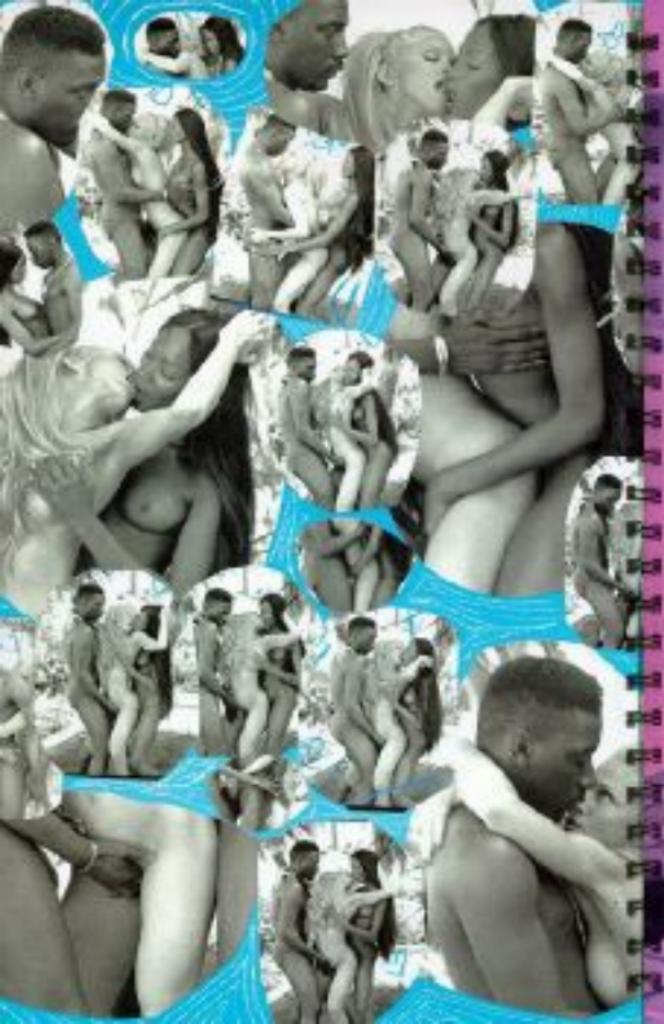
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Sex is the answer.
to equality at Hollywood Enterprises.
the party
of love Pursuit.
Her love
not and respect.
and the fun
and the fun
Shirtless men in black
that are nothing but sex
and maximized danger.
Black & White for your DOLCE & GABBANA
with the love she rock in my own life
She was an average girl who had
a taste of money
every day of her head.







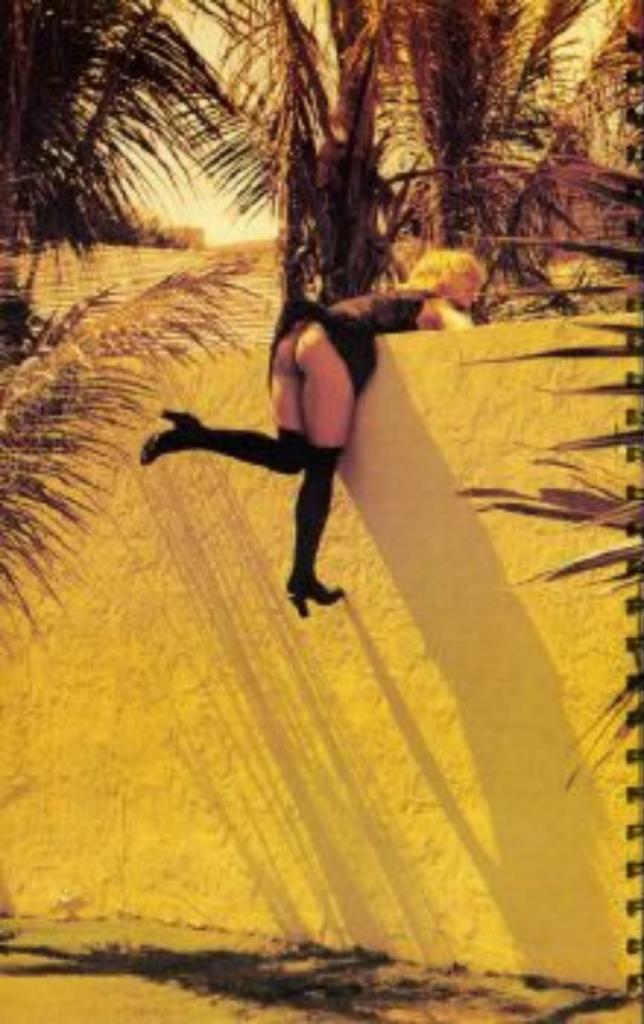
How do you give a good blow job?

Drink a lot of beer first





Trying on clothes in the dressing room of Ralph Lauren, Jon took off his slacks. Looking in the 3-way mirror he realized he was hard. Could it be the lovely Cuban singer who brushed my against him in the video store? Could it be the hot father afternoon that made his clothes heavy and made the back of his neck moist? (Lan's Ralph Lauren offered an air conditioner? Or maybe it was the theme song from Dr Zhivago filling the room.) The thought of John Cleese never failed to arouse him. In this case he stood helpless and hard, his boxer shorts protruding like a pig's ear. He felt like buying a new pair of shorts but for some reason he ended up in the dressing room with everything but. Lines jerked, denim shorts and a wonderful leather belt. He took his time unbuttoning his shirt. Staring into the mirror he caught himself smiling. Suddenly, the Cuban singer had come into the dressing room, calling to him. "Do you need any help?" It seemed like a trick question. His voice was deep and throaty like something wise caught in it. "No thanks," he said to himself. He was prompted to answer the question in a more lascivious manner, but instead he said, "The shorts are awfully big. I'd like to try a size 30." Off she went on a hunt, leaving a trail of Georgia behind her. Once perhaps always around here. He believed that deep dialogue needed familiarity on people with dark skin. *She had lost all interest in trying on clothes*. Standing in his boxer shorts, he found himself drawn from the familiarity and the hotel scene. So he sat down and continued masturbating while watching himself in the mirror. Maybe he could find a brother the singer came back. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. *The idea of her walking in as he ejaculated made him even harder*. He stared at the belt he had chosen, lying on the floor. He liked it but didn't want to buy it. *Both remained bare of his lower. Suddenly her voice was at the door again. "I have just size 30. Are you decent?"* "No, if you only know," he said to himself. Without thinking he told her to come in. She opened the door and stood and, seeing him sitting there, blushed and blushed, she tried to avoid looking in his eyes or below his waist. "It's very hot in here. I wish they'd fix the air conditions." Her words hung in the air; he didn't respond. She put out there staring at her. She didn't move but straightened the size 30 to her blouse. *Her mouth was foaming*. He noticed she was wearing an ankle bracelet with little red stones that must have been glass. Her perfect known face peeked out of her neckline. He wanted to look there. "Aren't you looking nice," she asked. "Thank the hotel is giving us one," he lied. "Put your hand on my shoulder and tell me if I have a fever." She stepped forward, pulling the crisp shirt up in one hand, and reaching out to his shoulder with the other. She reached his skin tightly and let a definite heat burn suddenly tell what it belonged to. *She turned around without answering, left to his cheek. Then his neck, to repeat the comparative claim. "It's hard to tell, since it's so hot in this place but I think you're normal."* "OK..." He sounded disappointed. "I hope not," he panted in himself. He stared at her for a long time. Then slowly he reached out and touched the V formed by her legs and mouth. The skin's flesh-like wood there reaching the shirt into a tight pull. He pushed his finger in and out of the V and his moisture there. Without warning, she dropped to her knees, letting the shirt fall from her hands. Her first move to rest on his lap and he smacked her cheek. She wore no makeup and her head was beautifully shaped. She had the most magnificent breasts and its proximity to his erection monumental. As if she were reading his mind, her hand went into the leg of his shorts, found his cock, and slid it through his pants to just her mouth. He watched her suck. Her mouth flared as her lips pulled on him, sending him hot artery, skipping over his penis. *He noticed the door was open a crack but he made no move to close it. He was transfixed by this dark-haired Latina, who worked on him so effortlessly, so innocently; he had no reason to suspect her. Looking up at him with her icy brown eyes, she made him feel drunk. She held the base of his cock with one hand and his balls in the other, and through the attire of "Lara's Theme" he heard little working sounds. Sometimes he played with her hair and sometimes he used his hands to guide her mouth on him.* Her mouth... her mouth was green. She knew what she was doing and she did. He caught himself in the mirror and noticed how his face glowed with exertion. "She's beautiful," he said out loud, not quite sure who he was talking to. Suddenly he felt as if he would explode. He threw his head back and moaned! "Oh yes, you are so beautiful," as his blood rushed to the base of his spine. He heard his own heart pounding in his ears. His hands massaged the back of her neck as she sucked harder and faster and harder. And he could not get out of him to question, in beautiful writhing spouts (he did not swallow a bit, but sucking, she let it run out of her mouth like a child spilling milk). "Lorraine, where are you? I need you to help some customers." A stern matronly voice came out of nowhere. She jumped up and wiped her mouth with the size 30. "They'll have to buy the shirt now, I have to get back to work." "Is your name Lorraine?" he asked. "Yes, but you should call me Lorraine." She straightened herself and checked her hair in the mirror perfectly content with what she saw. He could tell she was simple and he envied her. He wanted to know her. He wanted to buy her a hot dog or a big soft pretzel. "Can I take you to lunch?" he asked. "Oh, you don't own me anything," she replied. "Besides I have a boyfriend." With that she turned and was gone, rolling over her shoulder. "You can pay my fare."



Dear John,

I wasn't going to write this letter but after thinking long and hard, I decided it was best that you know that I knew.

When you were back from L.A. and I didn't hear from you, I got worried, so I went to your place and when I got to the door I heard strange noises. I thought someone was being strangled. Feeling protective I used the key you gave me and let myself in.

I tiptoed into the bedroom, in case there was an intruder, and lo and behold someone was being strangled but not the way I imagined. Ben was breaking in front of you and he wasn't panicking. I didn't know if I was turned on or disgusted. I just knew I had to get out there.

I guess you were in your own little world. Or maybe you knew I was watching and it got you off. In any case I think we should spend some time apart and think this thing through. Now I know why Ben was always so preoccupied. Is that what you did on those fishing trips? I didn't know Ben was holding your rod for you. Did you catch anything?

I haven't told Ingred yet (sweat) 'cause now she's gonna take it. Mayjor shell feel better knowing her competition got another woman. As for me, I think I'm gonna be sick. Next time you want pussy, just look in the mirror.

Gone fishing

DITP





*Iector. Have you ever been mistaken for a prostitute? I do. Every time anyone views anything I do
I'm mistaken for a prostitute.*



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(**X**)

(X)